Mrs. W. M. Marsh Wins a Place in the Front Rank of Financiers. Groton, N. Y., April 10.-Mrs. W. M.

Groton, N. Y., April 10.—Mrs. W. M., Marsh, of this place, is the only woman whose signature appears on tank bills. This happens because she is the president of the First National Pank of Groton, an institution which does a very large business with corporations and private individuals whose operations are extensive In addition to performing the duties of bank president, Mrs. Marsh is the head of the Groton Typewriting Machine Company and treasurer and director of the Groton Carriage Company. She finds time to do all this and have that leisure which is necessary to a woman who enjoys the advan-tages of society.

The husband of Mrs. Marsh was a capi-

talist and one of the business pillars of Groton. When he died, a year and a half ago, people wondered how the large in terests of his estate would be handled. Mrs. Marsh quickly solved the problem by assuming the discharge of the duties which had devolved upon her late husband. The husbness men of Groton, while they deep-ly respected Mrs. Marsh, were a little inclined to doubt her ability to saccessfully carry on the role she had undertaken The lady said nothing one way or the other, but in a very short time demon strated to the entire satisfaction of the business community that she was fully capable of handling the business of the bank, the typewriting company and the

arriage manufactory.

In a town like troton the president of
the leading bank must be a person of exceedingly good judgment. It is this offitial's task to pass upon every lean the bank is asked to make before the morey is handed over. In case of a very hard problem of ort it is the custom to submit the matter to the board of directors. Ordinarily, it is not the part of wisdom to bother the directors with matters of this sort, because the president of the bank is there the purpose of making those decisions the directors having other things to attend to. Mrs. Marsh is to be found at her office in the bank every day in the secular week, and keeps as sharp an eye upon the business of the institution as the keenest man who could be placed in that position.

She meets the customers of the bank and talks over the financial situation with them The applicant for a loan is directed to her, and finds that he not only has a kindly listener, but one who never loses sight of the interests of the bank for a moment. On several occasions, men whose fin cial conditions are unlike Caesar's wife, have sought to induce Mrs. Marsh to permit a loan of the bank's funds to them Every attempt of this sort has falled, and beside that the woman bank president has permitted the applicant of this nature to understand that she clearly perceived his scheme and his reasons therefore

Just as often as occasion demands, crisp new tills are secured from the treasurer bearing the bank's name When these bills come by express from the Treasury Department at Washington, they lack the signature of the president and cashier of the bank for which they are intended. Until these signatures are placed on the new notes, they are of no use, that is the notes. One signature will not do. That to why Mrs. Marsh's signature makes money. She signs the bills in a clear, strong hand, and the chances are that few persons who see the notes of the Groten Bank, with W. M. Marsh, President, Inscribed thereon, imagine that the nam be that of a woman.

When the board of directors holds

meeting, as it must at least four times t year, Mcs. Marsh presides over the erations of the body in as thoroughly business like and parliamentary a manner at could be desired. If it is an informal talk she enters into the discussion of the finan chil problems as thoroughly as the test man among them. If it is a formal meeting she treats the members of the board with as rigid an eliquette as that observed by the greatest bank official in the greatest financial center. She is very popular among the bank employes, from messenger to cashier, and there is not one of them who does not thoroughly respect her, both for her uniform kindness and her sterling abil-

The daties devolving on Mrs. Marsh in addition to the banking business, through her other interests, require close attention. It is necessary that the affairs of the typewriting machine company be as those of the bank. Of course, the de talls of the transaction are attended to by other persons, but it is Mrs. Marsh's brain that governs the organization's finances. Not an action of any moment is taken without her advice and approval. She is familiar with the extent to which credit should be granted to customers of the company, and knows at all times how collections are, and keeps carefully in mind those firms or individuals who are slow in making a settlement.

The best of judgment is necessary t avoid loss from the giving of credit. of the notable tributes to Mrs. Marsh's judgment is that the percentage of losse from uncollected bills or financial disasters with which the company is afflicted is so small a percentage that it amounts to little or nothing. She does not trust to the word of a subordinate in the matter of the state of the organization's accounts, but, being thoroughly familiar with the most cor plicated methods of bookkeeping, scans the books herself, and in this way forms her judgment as to the trend of affairs. The third of the principal interests of

which she keeps watch and ward is the carriage company. The ramifications of this business are widely divergent from those of the first two, but Mrs. Marsh's versatile genius grasps them without diff culty. As treasurer, it is her duty to sign the checks, know where the different soms are going and what they are expended for. She knows exactly the price of materials which the business of the pany renders it necessary to use, and sees to it that they are purchased at the very lowest rates, and from producers,

who can give the best for the least money Mrs. Marsh also keeps an eye on the general finances of the concern, and watches the credits as carefully as she does those of the typewriter company. All in all there are few men in business in a town of the size of Groton, who manage so many utterly different in crests and in a manner so satisfactory from the standpoints of both the employer and the employe. Withal, Mrs. Marsh is thoroughly a woman has not the slightest appearance of mas culinity and enjoys the society of her own sex just as much as the most domestic can who ever cared for the affairs of a bouseholl

## A FURIOUS SWORD FIGHT.

Marvelous Skill and Sand Displayed at the Thomeguex-Pini Duel.

On the very same day that the Corbett City, English fastdon, t) e Parislans enjoyed a famous fight, French fashion, in the duel between the great Italian fencing master, the Chevalier Pini, and M. Thomeguex, a renowned Parisian swords mention of the affair was cabled to the newspayershere, in which it was treated rathe lightly; but, in reality, it was a desperate ing were displayed. It was a ninc-bout battle and justed more than forty minutes Its semi-international character gave it considerable additional interest. It was witnessed by a host of sighteegrs, all gath ered near the stand of the Saint-Open race In the crowd were many photog raphers taking snapshots, and one of them ad a kinetoscope, which took in the combat from start to finish, just as in the case | Post.

of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The cause of the duel was trivial, and it is now admitted

that it was a case of mistaken identity At about 2 p. m. the principals, with their seconds and surgeons, arrived. Pini was the first upon the ground. He appeared to be delighted and warmly shook the hands of many friends, while the photographers opened fire upon him, taking him in front, in the rear and on the flank Immediately afterward Thomesuex appeared. He was smiling, and, like Pini, greeted his friends, while the snapshoot-

The grave responsibility of directing i at, or, in other words, acting as referee, fell upon M. Georges Breittmayer When the swords were crossed and the usual "Go, gentlemen" was pronounced. the fight began. M. Thomeguex, in a threatening style, held his weapon well in line, and, advancing, made several feints for an opening. M. Pini remained on the defensive, evidently watching for a chance for a deadly riposte, but fortune did not favor him. Nevertheless, in this bout he disarmed his adversary. He saluted; his salute was returned, and the battle was sainte was returned, and the tattle was sainte was returned, and the tattle was fashionable family hotel it was one of renewed with vigor. Evidently the men those dinner parties that delight the eye were evenly matched. The second boutwas as well as the palate, for the dining-room

NEW YORK'S DINNER FAD. Each Course Is Followed by a

Change of Base and Surprise. New York, April 10. - The New Yorker of fashion who accepts an invitation to a dinner party newndays is likely to enjoy the repast at half a dozen different places. This constitutes Got ham's latest fad. The diner may take his soop at the Waldorf and enfoy his chartrense in Chinatown, while the Holland, Delmonico's on the Manhattan may come in for the entrees and roast, with several more places of note to hear from. The fad is in actual practice and budded

and bloomed in a single night.

The geniuses to whom must be given the credit of the idea, that is really something new under the sun, are Mr and Mrs. A. A. Stewart, of No. 35 Fifth avenue, the Grosvenor, where the Stewarts are at present making their home. The thought is a brand-new one and was never tried until a few days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart invited a score of guests to dine with them at the Grosvenor, which is an ultra-

which they had been put

The roast eaten and champagne inspira-tion received, Mr. Stewart stated with a ong face that the strangest of all things had happened. Delmonico declared that he could not serve a party of that size with a salad. It had seemed to him, he said, as if there was nothing that could not be accomplished at Deimonico's, and so when informed that that caterer had falled him, he was at first at his wits end. Being something of a man about town, however, he had finally bethought of restaurant where a very excellent substitute for salad could be scoured, and he knew it was always available. He would not say just where it was for fear some of those who were dining with him would think be had been the victim of an attack of temperary insanity, owing to the difficulty encountered. So he would simply ask them to follow his leadership.

This time the carriages headed south ward and down Fifth avenue to Grand They were then driven east ontil street. the Bowery was reached. South on the Bowery they went, to Mott street, and up Most street to Pell. There, just off from Mott, and in the heart of New York's

sate them for the strange discomforts to FRENCH TABLES THAT SPEAK.

Human Hands Bring About Con

versations With Persons Dead. Paris, March 31.-A table tipping fad has taken possession of Paris. Occult influences cause the furniture to oscillate. Mysterious raps slowly jar out words of messages from famous persons long dead. These things occur in the most fashionable families. No one has yet attempted to expose the method, if such a thing could be accomplished. All this is the wonder of the hour. If half what is heard is true Napoleon I is thoroughly up to date on the affairs of the world, and Louis XV knows just what is taking place

in republican France. firm a hold has the new idea taken that invitations to table tipping parties have become as frequent as a request to join a friend at dinner. Any day one is likely to receive this sort of a note:

"Monsieur and Madame -- request Monsicur - - to pass the evening of -- with them. There will be table turning "

The invitation is accepted of course for it is decidedly unfashionable to refuse Entering the salon, one is instantly impressed by the air of mystery which is

from one of the other tables, saying, "Vive la Boulanger. The general says he gives greeting to all present. He says that Monsieur Andree will never reach the

North Pele in his balloon." "Merciful heavens," comes from a lady at the third table. "Galileo says that we are going to have a new comet in 1899 and that it portends tremendous disaster to all mankind. He wants us to inform the newspapers that they may warn the world to be prepared." Think of Galileo ing about sending communications to the newspapers. One might almost as soon expect Cromwell to regret that he could not lead a german in one of the Parisian salons.

Monsieur Jean Avignon was at the fourth table. He has long been believed to have royalist sympathies. So the company was not greatly surprised when he said that Louis XIV had, through the table, instructed him to say that the day was no far distant when the French republic would cease to exist, and a most beneficent m arch reign over volatile France. Louis further stated that this would mean an era of presperity for all Frenchmen. It further should be understood, he said, that France would, underkingly rule, become one

THE FASTEST VESSEL AFLOAT. Torpedo Boat Destroyer to Beat

the Admiral Porter. London, April 1 -The English government is engaged in building what will be complete the fastest boat in the world. Its object in constructing this craft is to possess a vessel that will be superior to the Admiral Porter, owned by the Enited States, and until a short time ago known as oroedo bost No. 6. This marvelous craft that Britain is building will be able to steam thirty-three knots an hour, a trifle less than

thirty-eight nules. The Express, for that is the name of the record breaker. Is now in process of countries tion at the shippards of Laird Brothers, at Birkenhead. Her engines will be capable of attaining 10,000 indicated horse power. The tremendous power of this tiny boat, for she is only of 350 tons burden, can best be appreciated by considering the fact that the will be able to develop fully as great an engine power as the Renown, a battleship now building for England which will have a displacement of 12,350 tons. The Express will have as an armament one 12-pounder quick-firing gun, five 6 and 3-pounder quick-firing guns and two Whitehead tor-

While it is not known with certainty how the machinery will be arranged, or the exact dimensions thereof, it is understood they will be as follows: Each set of engines will have four cylinders, the dian eters of which will be. High pressure, 18 3-4 inches; intermediate, 32 1-2 inches; two low pressure of 33 1-2 inches. Each engine is of the three-stage compound type, the stroke for all cylinders being 18 inches. The most noticeable point about the engine lies in the arrangement of the valves. The high and intermediate pressure cranks are similarly located, although at right angles to the high and intermediate cranks.

The arrangement described renders the design of valves adopted possible. All the valves are combined in pairs, one above another in one chamber, each pair having a common valve rod. The result of this is a reduction of the number of moving parts, and renders possible that very desirable arrangement of placing the engine in less fore and aft space. The air pump is worked direct from the main crank This latter is prolonged through a small crank shaft, a coupling joining the two. The dimeter of the pump is 19 inches, and its length of stoke 4 inches. The uniterial used is such as to render breakage necessarily rare, for both piston and top cylinder covers are made of forged steel.

A cylindrical copper condenser, each with 929 5-8 inch tubes, is attached to every main engine. The total cooling surface is 3,040 square feet, and the total heating surface 8,500 square feet. The grate sur-face is 178 square feet. In front of the boilers are air bulkheads, the air inlet doors of which close automatically whenever a bursting tube or other accident causes an escape of steam and a resulting on the boiler side of the bulkhend. The construction of the boat with regard to safety, if the plans are carried out, will be as remorkable as her capacity for speed. She will have all the compartments her size will permit, and although the ordinary tor-pedo bost can be smushed like an eigshell, this destroyer will be armed with a ram that could pierce the sides of a battleship. As far as danger to herself is concerned, if a battleship, or any other armored craft, should strike hern fair blow, she would be more likely to turn turtle than to sink. that it will act much more quickly than that of the ordinary craft. If she un-swers her helm perfectly, it will be possible to turn the boat almost as quickly and enalty as one would rem a horse to either side of the road, or turn about

The accommodations for officers and crew will be superior to those in any torpedo boat destroyer affoat. The prob-lem of air to the people who live between decks has always been very unsatisfactory in point of solution. No mutter how perfect apparatus for giving them plenty of oxygen, there has always been a sail lack of the elements that go to make up the purity of atmosphere. The Express, how-ever, will have verts for the foul air and nades of ingress for fresh sir, that will result in supplying all hands with a full measure of that which the hings need so much. Besides this, the ventilating system is a great improvement over that of all other craft of a similar class. It is . further apparent, too, that while on most vessels of this sort the crew is compelled to remain below when the sen is at all heavy, on the Express the decks will be of use in very rough weather.

The Express will carry no sail, what must and rigging she has being intended for signal purposes. The executive officer, or the captain, as the case may be, stands on the little square bridge just about the winch and cons the ship from that point. From the coming tower and turret combined, on which the bridge rests, projects the 12-pound rapid-fire gen. Most of the guns, however, are between decks and firing is done through portholes. A shot from the 12-pounder, however, would end the majority of torpedo boats with all on board to Davy Jones' tocker, for when a torpedo boat sinks, there is, as a

rule, small hope for those who man her. That she will make the speed intended, Laird Brothers are willing to post a heavy forfeit. While the British government offictals pooh-pooh the idea of her being built for the purpose of excelling the Admiral Porter, I am enabled to state upon the very highest authority, that that is exactly the truth in the case. England has no expectation of going to war with Uncle Sam, but she does not propose to have any war vessel in existence which she cannot boast that

## A Serious Situation.

It was the first poem the young lady had been brave enough to offer to the paper, and she brought it in person. She took it into the business office by mis-

The young indy handed her poem to the advertising manager, and he counted the words in it, tapping his pencil upon each

# THE LAST DAY. As the sun sank to rest that evening, All my hopes turned to askes and dost; The future will bring use but grieving For him who has broken his trust.

And the day that his gone shall be The last that I ever will klow Of loy and of loving forever, And the future be clouded with we

"That's a dandy," said the advertising manager, "and it ought to get him back Let's see - sixty-two words; thut'll be \$1.75 for one insertion. Will that be

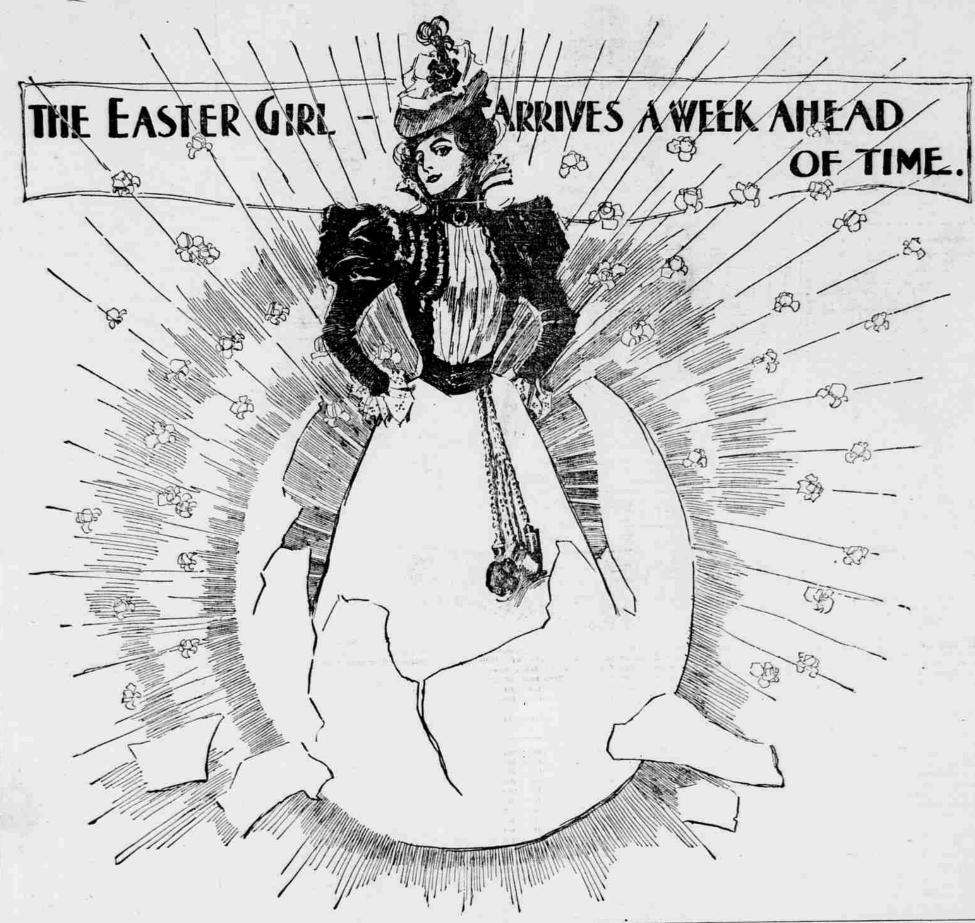
"Why," said the young lady, "I hadn't thought of fixing a price. Whatever you think is right will do. Do you think it is worth it?"

"Oh, yes, miss, it's a low rate. We'll run it right next to reading matter. It's a catchy idea, running it in verse You'd better add your address so the party that finds him can bring him 'round to you Quite a pet with you, wasn't he?"

"Sir!!!" wid the young lady. "Excuse me, I sufficie he was. What color was he?"

supposed editors were gentlemen," suld the young indy, "excuse me for the

rage. Whew!" said the advertising manager, as he scratched his head and read the The Last Day,' and I thought it was 'The Lost Dog.' "-Cleveland Plain Dealer.



without incident, beyond giving an exhilation of splendid swordsm In the third bout Thomeguex, fancying that he had wounded Pini in the arm, low ered his weapon. The surgeons rushed in and found that Pini was not touched.

The fourth bout was furious. With lightning rapidity Pini drove his weapon at Thomeguex's chest, but a vigorous parry sent it to the ground. The point landed on and rendered worthless. Another sword was handed to the Italian professor, and

abatants were winded. The sixth bout was stopped by the sec ds, who believed that M. Pint was wound

ed in the arm. He was unburt. The duelists now faced each other for the seventh bout. They bounded at each other, lunging with wonderful force and parrying with equal skill, until the point of Pini's weapon reached the guard Thomegeux's, and for the second time the former's weapon was bent.

After a little time it was repaired, and the eighth bout was begun with furious attacks on the part of Thomegeux. Pini gave ground, watching for a riposte. Apparently his chance presented itself, and he sent in a terrific thurst at Thomegeux's breast. Some of the spectators shuddered, and many of them thought that the man had been run through, or at least badly wounded; but a parry, that is described as "something marelous" by the experts who saw it, saved him, and when the seconds and surgeons dinthey found him unburt and smilling

In the ninth bout M. Thomegeux was wounded in the right cheek. He declared that it was merely a scratch, and insisted upon going on, but the surgeons insisted that the internal hemorrhage interfered with his breathing to such a degree that he was in a condition of inferiority. M.

Breittmayer then stopped the combat.

The Chevalier Pini advanced toward M. Thomegeux and offered him his hand. The latter grasped it, muttered sor mentary remarks, and the two men left ing grounds fast friends.-New

### York Sun. He Chose Harlem.

Kind Bearted Old Gentleman-If yo beat your horses that way you will never

reach heaven. Driver-And if I don't best 'em, I'll never reach Harlem.—New York Journal.

## A Rare Accomplishment.

"Most extraordinary man!" Yes?'

Oh, yes, indeed." "In what way?"

Why, he can carry an umbrella so that not more than three out of every four people he meets have to dodge it."-Chicago

to which host and hostess had bidden their friends fairly bloomed with American Beauty roses.

First came the oysters and then the soup after which the fish put in an appearance Then there was apparent consternat The master of ceremonies on the part of the hotel was seen whispering to Mr. Stew art in the most agitated manner. Mr Stewart's face grew sober and in a v a stone. The sword was bent like a reed | in which anger and mortification were blended he told his guests that the waiters had struck, and the hotel people were un the fifth bout was without incident. The able to secure substitutes. There was but one thing to do, he said, and that was to go somewhere else. Under the circum stances he trusted they would pardon the nconvenience, even though it be only tern porary, which they would be called upon to

Wraps were donned and carriages which were in waiting were entered. In a few moments the dinner party was en route to the Hotel Martin, the restaurant of which belongs to that class that comunder the head of aristocratic. It was a pleasant surprise to Mr. Stewart's guests on entering the Martin, to find the private dining-room aglow with jonquils, whose yellow bloom seemed to shed a soft light over everything. Hardly was every one seated, when the entrees made their appearance, so delicately served and so cap itally chosen that it seemed strange, in deed, that so large a party could descend upon any restaurant with such suddennes and find exactly what was wanted, done

to a turn. The entrees and the accompanying wine were enjoyed hugely, and then number two presented itself. Mr. Stew-art, with a horror-stricken face, said that owing to the suddenness with which they had come upon the Martin, there was at solutely no roasts in sufficient quantity to supply the company. He could not think for a moment of asking anyone to accept which was inferior, but he believed that at Delmonico's the want might be supplied. So, again the wraps were lonned, once more carriages were en tered, and off drove the party up Fifth avenue and over to Delmonico's. Apparently Delmonico was amazed at the sudden appearance of Mr. Stewart and his companions, but proved wholly equal to the emergency, for in five minutes every guest had upon his or her plate choice cuts of the roasts which Mr. Stewart had said must be procured somewhere.

Then, and not until then, a very small

ispicion began to enter the minds of the

diners that they were experimenting with

ever, Mr. Stewart evaded the question and

smilingly said that in spite of misfortune, he was doing all that he possibly could

feel that they had something to compen

entertain his friends and make them

new idea. When taxed with it, how

this bit of the Celestial Empire, in method and action, can boast. The queerest substitute for a salad any one ever heard of was, set before the visitors. It is known as chop-suey. What it contains no white man has yet been rash enough to definitely establish. It is always eaten with a liberal sauce of faith garnished with ig-

By this time Mr. Stewart's guests were Il aware they were enjoying the strangest course dinner that ever fell to the lot of the ordinary New Yorker. Mr. Stewart admitted the truth this time and said that he would ask these about him to take but one more drive before that which led to their homes. The dessert was yet to come. Where it was to be eaten no one except Mr. Stewart had an idea. Off the carriages were driven, and as they rombled uptown many were the guesses the occupants mad as to their probable destination. All doubts were set at rest, however, when Thirty-third street and-Fifth avenue was reached and the party alighted at the Waldorf.

Into the dining-room they were ushered and there, in the midst of 20,000 violets found the end of their pilgrimage in search It marked the successful of a dinner. inauguration of the queerest and jolliest fad fashionable New York has enjoyed it years. It promises to last in popularity for a long time.

## A Dark Hint.

She had come within an ace of running her wheel into an obstruction in the street upon which no light was displayed. This made her angrier than if she had really run into it. There was an ugly glitter in her eye as she turned to the old man who was in charge of the place

"Why is there no light here?" she began "Well, ma'am," began the caretaker. "Don't you talk back to me or I'll hav ou arrested," interrupted the we tell you it's an outrage. That lamp should est mind in the world to have you ar

"I-I." again began the caretaker. "Oh, I've no patience with you men. It's always the same. You don't attend to your duties, and then you try to find excuses. I tell you it's an outrage. I am going to report you to your employer, and if there was a policeman around I'd have you arrested." The man smiled

"How dare you laugh at me!" stormed the woman, "I'm going to have you arrested, now, anyway!" "Well, pm'am, if I was you," said the man, with a laugh, "I'd light that lamp

of scandal. on my bicycle before I called a policeman A moment later a male voice was heard -New York Journal.

Chinatown, the fushionables alighted and over all. The light is delicated shaded of the greatest of powers, both on sea and in just the fashion that obtains in the apartments where the psychologist unfolds to you the mysteries of what is to come. There are several tables in the salon. About these are seated a number of persons, varying from three to eight There is a hush-a solemn silence-that even the host and hostess seem disinclined to break. Soon the guests have all arrived. The time for the turning of the

tables has come. At a signal the party grouped aroun the tables, with the exception of a single person at each table, place their hands upon that article of furniture which they surround. Hands are not pressed flatwisupon the surface, but the tips of the fingers allowed to rest thereon, in the same manner as the hands of the operator are disposed when invoking the aid of planchette. Suddenly, one of the tables lifts at one side and then strikes the floor The stillness is almost electrical "Ladies and gentlemen," the voice of the host is heard in solemn cadence; "there are those of the other world with us in the spirit who have something to say."

Then the tables tip and tilt, rapping ipon the floor in curious signal fashion. These raps have a meaning like the ticks of the telegraph. One rap means A, two raps B, and so on. It is the duty of the sersons whose hands are on the tables to nterpret the rappings to the others present. Letters form words, words sen ences. First comes the name of the erson who is communicating from an other sphere to the assembled party. Then follow the words of the invisible stranger After a time the rappings cease, and the communication is read at each table, for o the party at every table a different

shade has been speaking. At the apriments of M. Henry Fournier at No. 38 Rue Avencon, a few evenings ago, it is asserted the most distinguished personages of other centuries spoke through the medium of the tables. At one of these, Mme. Julie Catenet, the daughter of M. Alphonse Catenet, the well-known avocat was acting as interpreter. The table by which she was scated had rapped solemnly for a space of five minutes. Then it ceased, and the interpreter puzzled out the ser tence. She was scandalized. "It is that horrid Napoleon," she said, "he is so bad. It is always some lady of whom he has to make inquiries. He has just asked if Sybil Sanderson, la belle Amercaine, is really going to marry Antonio Terry. The idea of a man who has been dead goodness knows how long being interested in a lady like that." Mme. Catenet is not in the least a disciple of occultism, nor is she inclined to voice anything that savors

The fifth table had as its interpreter Madame Nanon Monat. She flushed when it came to her turn to read the message that had been rapped out, and said she

would ask to be excused from acting as interpreter in this instance. The message she said, was from Queen Elizabeth, and really she did not see why she have to interpret anything of that kind Finally, she was induced to tell what the Queen had said, and gave this as the message: "To the ladies and gentlemen of France: I cannot resist this opportunity of saying that I think my sex bas greatly deteriorated since my day women are neither as pretty nor attractive as they were when a was law. I must say that the gentlemen are all that could be desired, but that the ladies appear to me to be entirely worthy of the description of them which I have heard credited to Lombroso. this may not be acceptable to those of my sex who hear it, but I never did care anything about other women anyway."

This sounds like an extract fro book, but in reality it is exactly what it is solemnly assetted happened at the place named. Furthermore, appearances of a similar nature are reported from dozens of places in Paris. The persons who attend these table-tipping parties scoff when spiritualism is suggested. They say it is all the result of "occult influence." The incredulous are at liberty to believe what they please. The facts are as stated.

'Come, sing to me," said the King one day, "A love song soft and true, For I fain would turn from my caresaway And dally awhile with you. The briar's in bloom and the birds sin sweet, And the sky gleams blue above

So fetch your mandolin, Marguerite, And sing me a song of love!'\* And sang him so sweet a song,

One heard the throbs of the glad young heart, The blood as it swept along! And oft, in after years, the King,

At chase or tourney or play, Would idly hum with an absent mind That song of a summer's day. But the mandolin hung on the cottage wall Its music forever still,

And the singer slept in a nameless grave. Forgotten for good or ill. For women will love and men forget 'Twas the reading of fate alway; And happy the heart that knows of love, If just for a summer's day!

-Detroit Free Press.